

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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given of this impassioned writer, who unconsciously sowed the seeds of the great French Revolution, is the most complete and satisfactory portraiture we have seen drawn for many a day:

"There was a Genius, hating hateful things, And loving virtue, as a lover clings, Not wholly pure, unto some chaste, sweet spirit, This man from God a burning soul did 'herit—

Swift, eager, passionate, intensely strung To joy and sorrow, and he moved among The sons of time, a meteor mid pale lamps, His brightness veiled in loathsome dungeon damps, Exhaling from corruption. Oh! the clod, Where violets bloom, than he was happier far, And he went wailing, like some falling star, Companionless, heart-broken after God."

"This was Rousseau, the dreamer of strange dreams. Sweet Clarence! oft he turned to noblest themes Amid thy shades; and when, in later years, He won a name, his agonies and tears, And hopes and expectations and despairs, Wild mockeries and secret burning prayers, His solemn midnight, his delicious mornings, His mimicries and jests, and dim forewarnings, And prophecies, all took through speech new birth, His three-fold nature touched Heaven, Hell, and Earth.

His three-fold thought, outspoken, thence became Sweet sunshine, cheering dew, and scorching flame. A million murdered heretics, white sown In calmed ashes, and o'er Europe strewed, Made him their wild avenger. It was he Who whispered thy great name, O Liberty! With his own heart communing, awed and still, He knew not how that name ere long should fill Mankind with hope, and despots with dismay, As forked lightnings, harmlessly that play Around the cottage roof, but strike the spire, And change the fortress to a funeral pyre, [charms Fell his swift thought; it broke the enslaving alarms

That numbered mankind; it shook with fierce The settled ease of nations; hollow groans Were heard reverberating under thrones; Old dungeons preached with stony lips to men. "Better," he cried, "to share the lion's den, Go clad in skins, and grasp the savage lance, Than wear gay robes, and in the minut dance. Than to feed on Nature's simple fare Than feast where slaves the kindly board prepare. Better wear Indian costume, far, and rule O'er worlds of thought, than be the tyrant's tool, Fettered in velvet, manacled in lace, And eating dust to win a lackey's place. Better go houseless, fetterless, and free, Than palace-hived, to crouch the fawning knee. And better, better far, to worship Heaven 'Mid the magnificence of morn and even, [space, Where stars their burning chariots drive through Where Nature's mirrors back her Author's face, Where, with cathedral voices, grand and high, The storms and seas chant praises to the sky; Learn of the flowers their lesson; from the dust Of graves extract the solemn words of trust; In the deep heart find God, and breathe the prayer Of penitence and faith through midnight air; Commune with Deity where He unveils His face in lightnings, and His breath in gales; Find Pentecost flames in morning light, Baptismal waters in the dew of night;— Than worship where an impious priest pretends That God through wafer and through wine descends.

The dark eclipse Of doubt lay on him, but in heart he tried Religious forms by Jesus crucified: Finding priests recreant, perjured, false and vain, He turned to Nature's Ancient Lord again. "God loved him in his errors, and He sent Three mighty men from heaven, who, in the tent Of mortal sorrow, thrilled his mind asleep In trances lifting him where Angels keep Their solemn vigils o'er Humanity."

He is now raised in vision to behold many supernatural wonders, which can only be described by the inspired Seer. We are told that

"Men to angelic stature wisely grown, Embody in one form of might and grace, Not the perfections of one mind alone, But all the forms and forces of the race. Angelic men, remote in spheres afar, Shine forth as beams, a many-splendored star, Akin through harmony and style of brain, With separate nations on the earthly plane. Through them, as mediatorial forms, divine Perfections are diffused, and they refine Vast races by their influence and stand, Each one a support with some kindred Land." These are the heavenly Hierarchs and they Guide earthly empires on their conquering way; And when their influence is withdrawn, 'tis then That empires crumble into dust again."

The three angels who preside over the destinies of Europe and America, and who opened the interiors of Rousseau to behold the vision, are thus described:

"There came a mighty Angel from the North, Whence all the sons of Muscovy go forth, Swift from the Boreal Heaven whose circles roll, Vast, luminous beyond the Arctic pole. Not his the chorled harp, not his the charm, Whose magic shall the world at last disarm; Not his the power of language or of verse, Not his the thought that shapes the Universe; As grand Orion lifts his massive bar, In constellated realms of space afar,

"Such is a partial outline of Rousseau's dream, while his vision is directed to the Spirit-world. It is now turned to the earth; he beholds the revels in the palace at Versailles; the king sits there with his mistress on his knee, 'yet leering on the priestly debauchee,' whilst all unseen, yet watching above them, like the starry sentinels over a doomed city, stand Charlemagne, the founder of the

Gigantic he, and keen his thought and clear As crystal skies that rule the northern year. He gathered up the frore winds in his palm, The lightning, and the thunder, and the hail, And held them still. Then fell sepulchral calm Upon the face of Europe. Peace obtained A seeming victory and order reigned.

"The second Angel of the triad came From out the West, and he was clad with flame, Armed with mailed lightnings, and his feet were shod With swift resounding thunder, where he trod Strange voices echoed; mountain, vale, and sea Woke as from sleep and sang of liberty. Then came another by the South wind driven, Balmied in sweet odors, and to him was given A floral garland. These three Angels flew Where dead old Europe for her burial lay, The Angel of the North stooped down to view The ghastly corpse. "Rousseau then heard him say, Out from the ashes of this great decay Shall spring swift Revolution, for I hear A voice prophetic, pregnant with all fear All terror, all confusion, all distress."

"And I will crown him with a radiant tress Of glory and wild joy, and I will make Him beautiful as morning," gently spake The Angel of the South-wind, breathing low— "And I will arm him to avenge the wo Of millions on despotic heads. His call Shall rouse all nations; he shall tear the pall From the slain Christ, and it shall wave so bright, That tyrants pierced and blinded with affright, Shall reel and perish from the morning light; I'll temper him a sword to smite Revenge and bigotry; but ancient Night Shall rise against him, and his feet must tread Where blood shall rain as from the skies o'er head; The lurid flames shall follow him; his form Shall burn with agony, through strife and storm, Battling with all the enemies of man."

The Western Angel ceased; then tremors ran Through the dissolving form of Europe dead. These Angels then beside Jean Rousseau's bed, In midnight slumber pierced his breast with keen Heart-anguish, and he dreamed this wondrous dream."

"Waking in the midnight lonely, Spirit-born he seemed to tread Where no being dwelt, but only Shadows of the nations dead. Each returning apparition Like a spectre seemed to rise From the vault of its perdition, Gazing blindly on the skies. And the solemn Angel nations, In their deep harmonic tongue O'er those living desolations Mournfully together sung."

We can give but a single stanza of this "Hymn of Desolation."

"O Earth! O Man! how desolate ye are— Weep, weep for ye decay; The smoke of evil from your fallen star Obscures the light of day. Like some fair maiden, by the spoiler's art Robbed of her lily crown, Earth droops despairing, and her broken heart Into the grave drops down."

The description is continued in the same weird strain, reminding the reader of Edgar A. Poe, though without those involutions and refrains that make several of his poems little short of magnetic incantations.

"And the spectral nations wondered, Wrapped in darkness for a pall, While the solemn music thundered From the far celestial hall. Waved the banners dark and solemn O'er those armies of the tomb, Mournfully that spectral column Chanted through the midnight gloom.

"Yes the aged world is dead, Dead are all its mystic dreams, Angels from its thought are fled, Angels from its groves and streams; Faith is lost and being fled, In its loss the world is dead.

"Then through all the midnight speeding, Like the wind Eurodydon, O'er the sounding seas receding, Swept the stormy chorus on: The day of burning comes at last, The world is dead, the world is dead; Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter past, Youth, Manhood, Age, like vapors fled, Alas! alas!

All beauty passes from our sight; The world reposes on its bier; Morn, noon, and eve, and starry night Depart and leave but chaos drear, Alas! alas!

Sun, moon, and stars, groves, fields and flowers, Ye pass away, ye pass away; Shrines, temples, minarets and towers, Ye are but tombs where minds decay, Alas! alas!

Such is a partial outline of Rousseau's dream, while his vision is directed to the Spirit-world. It is now turned to the earth; he beholds the revels in the palace at Versailles; the king sits there with his mistress on his knee, 'yet leering on the priestly debauchee,' whilst all unseen, yet watching above them, like the starry sentinels over a doomed city, stand Charlemagne, the founder of the

French Monarchy, the holy virgin, type of celestial love, and Peter the stern apostle of the right

"Who through the night Of ancient ages fearlessly up-trod The great world-calvary to his rest with God."

This scene we pass as it has already been quoted. Rousseau is next wafted on the wings of his swift revolving trance high above the storms of earth. He hears fairy-like music, as if rural Nature had broken forth in song.

"When swelling buds their sheaths forsake, Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree, And yellow daffodils awake, The virgin Spring is fair to see; which reminds one far more than any thing of late, of those careless little catches of Shakespeare. He beholds the hero heaven of England's worthies, where in serene benignity king Alfred rules his sphere; thence he descends to the desecrated shores where the Hanoverian George held his cabinet. He is consulting with lord Bute respecting the American 'rebels,' and thus delivers the stirring thoughts of his royal breast:

"Whip them with rods, my Lord, and they'll submit; Shall misbegotten knaves, whose fathers sped To cheat our justice of each outlawed head, Bandy hot words with us, as they see fit? No! let the red-coats have at them—unless They bow. Methinks they lay too much of stress On Magna Charta. Shall a rebel tourd Impugn at will our royal council board? What! what! let's flog them till the canting knaves And varlets grow as fearful as their waves."

The royal favorite replies, of course, echoing the words of his master. Meanwhile the Spirit Cromwell, Sydney by his side—

"Tis thou stern Nautilus awaits to day At each King's council board in Christendom— thus spoke exultingly to his noble friend:

"Sydney, O Sydney, God hath loosed my bands; The triple cord of slavery parts its strands; The iron yoke is broken. O the men Who fought the ancient king, and from his den Tore out the wild beast Prelacy, once more Praise God upon the bleak New England shore. I gazed once on the great Arch-traitor's head; My heart, God knoweth, o'er the Man it bled; But for the Tyrant, never. England's fall Was not with the crowned Stuart at Whitehall. No: England died when base, lascivious knaves Called back the Second Charles to rule o'er slaves. Then Hero-England died, then Cruelly Tore out the living entrails of the free; Noblest and best, led to the assassin's sword, Bled for the sake of Freedom and God's word. The men of Naseby and Worcester fight, Gazed from God's sky through Liberty's dark night. Now, swooping down like eagles to their prey, They seize the power, while kings with baubles play."

Then Sydney calmly smiled to answer him:—

"Yes, Cromwell, once again the good old cause Revives, and Freedom's violated laws Shall find avengers. Wondrously our God Wrests from the would-be tyrant's hand the rod, Parting with it oppression's bloody sea, Guiding his sons to peace and liberty."

Again the vision changes, and the pale dreamer is lifted up into that heaven whence the creative energies go forth clothed with power and beauty. He beholds worlds evolving from their parent source, and is taught the mystic origin of man. This portion of the poem is necessarily somewhat abstruse, yet can easily be comprehended when studied as a whole. It is in rugged but perfect Spenserians, and is felicitously relieved by stanzas like these:

"All worlds are thought, all thoughts are worlds; In every brain there lies Concealed the light of every star, The scheme of all the skies.

The thinker need not look without To find Creation's plan; The life, the form of all the worlds, Prefigured lies in man.

And all within, and all around, As voice and echo blend; All human thoughts take shining forms And unto outness tend.

Man in his earthly state is but The moth in his cocoon; Joy that the circling web of time Must lose its tenant soon.

Man sleeps to dream; his dreams unfold Their white celestial wings, And bear him where the spheres of heaven Unwind their shining rings.

O gentle Death, O gentle Dream, How sweet your mild control; Ye both unbar the body's gate For the departing soul.

Rousseau next beholds the glorious future of the New World, where Humanity, long persecuted and banished, like the woman of the Apocalypse, brings forth a radiant child, who shall be heir of Earth and Heaven. And thus closes the vision.

"So in the dim and solemn night That Heavenly Triad bending low, Caused visions of supernal light, Through the trance slumberer's brain to flow He woke at morn, he woke and wept; The world around looked cold and gray; It seemed as if his soul had slept In Love's elysium far away."

*Rev. vi: 12, 13. *Rev. vi: 15, 16, 17.—2d Peter iii: 10, 13.

The problem of man's two-fold life, Its alternating birth and death, Pressed on him, and his heart seemed rife With lingering strains of Angel-breath.

Through the dark world again he trod, Bearing within a new born sense, Heart-quickened from the lips of God, Soul-thrilled with Love's omnipotence.

He was a Prophet for his time, And through his utterance evermore, A voice, eternal and divine, Thrills Europe to its bleeding core."

The next scene, which we cannot now give, is entitled *Rousseau in Paradise*. Earth, with all its sore trials, has forever passed away, and his freed Spirit awakes in the far Indian Heaven, where the mild Brahmins muse in banyan bowers, and Poesy, more soft than Europe knows, lulls the tired wanderer to his welcome rest, till all heart-sorrows and scenes of time fade from the mind, like troubled dreams at touch of morning light.

HESPERUS.

CRITICAL PHASES AND PHILOSOPHIC VISIONS IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Sept. 15, 1855.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST:

I write, not that I have any tidings to communicate concerning the cause or its progress in this kingdom, but that I may be in communion with those who believe as I do.

I have made many inquiries, amongst others at Mr. Chapman's, the bookseller in King William street, the Spiritual book depot, if I may so term the establishment. I made inquiry there for those of the friends I knew to be in England, but of them could learn nothing. Randolph they knew by name, but did not know his address. But whoever may be the advocates of Spiritualism here, they are now doubtless from town. I must deplore, there is here no place of meeting, for I think if there was such a place, though at first the numbers who would meet would be few, yet I believe if there was a place where a conference could be held, and an occasional lecture given, that eventually the cause would be advanced, for I believe, many would attend, even if it was only for the sake of the novelty, and there is no telling the impression the truths they would there hear, would make. But when there is no such place and no mediums, how is it to be expected that any way can be made?

I have frequently talked among private friends of the manifestations continually occurring amongst you, and have been able to add my testimony to such as I have been privileged to see, to those I said I had witnessed, a sort of respect was paid, but when I came to speak of those I had not seen, or read extracts from Spiritual works concerning the more stupendous effects, such as Spirit hands, or the wonders occurring at Hartford, or at Doctor Phelps' house, some have not hesitated to say that it was all a delusion, and that those who believed, were misled by some trick, such as the dissolving views or legerdemain, and when I have seriously insisted such things were, they view me although too polite to give expression to such a feeling, as one suffering in this particular under a monomania. The names of Judge Edmonds or Prof. Hare weigh but little with them. When I have recounted the belief the generality of Spiritualists hold, they listen with some attention, more especially when I may have occasion to quote parts of the testament in confirmation of the views I advocate. It appears to give some satisfaction that we do not wholly ignore the Bible. Yet the general desire seems to be, that we should accept the whole, and interpret it literally. If I say that it is evident much of it is allegorical, and even when I quote the words of Christ, "feed my sheep," in that case, it is admitted, and that only because obvious, yet other passages are not permitted to be so quoted, unless the allegorical meaning is alike obvious.—Spiritualism is evidently looked at as a species of atheism, for with church goers, all who do not admit the vicarious atonement, i. e. the death of Christ as the only atonement for sin, are considered infidels. They say if Christ did not to cleanse the world of sin, then was his mission of none effect. They will not see he was the link between God and man, and sent to show the true linking of the Spiritual and human. They do not consider the philosophy he propounded, the wondrous works he did, as we consider by natural means, as a sufficient cause of his coming. They will not listen to historical explanation as to the cause of his death, or an explanation of the miracles, so termed, and to contrast the works he did with the manifestations so continually occurring with you, is viewed as little less than blasphemy. I recount these things, because there is a great analogy in the opinions of certain classes of believers. To say there is no devil, and sulphur and material torment, is to cut away all the checks of sin, and that the world without such a trammel, is at liberty to run wild. If I say that it proves the immortality of the soul, because the identification of those visiting us puts the question beyond a doubt, and removes the question from one of belief, to an actual fact, then do they say that what we deem our experience is none but a temptation of Satan to woo us to our undoing, for he goes about the world like a raging lion seeking whom he may devour.

These things, I know, are the common places of our experience, and that which we all have met with, who have undertaken to talk to *Evangelical people*. Still it shows the difficulties to be encountered here, for there is not the liberality permitted in matters of faith that there is with you.

I think lectures might do much, accessible mediums more, and conferences would be great aids. Some have been liberal enough to say, that how-

ever the philosophy the Spiritualists would desire to propagate might be understood by the learned, what were the unlearned to do? How would the fishermen of Galilee have understood it? To say that Spiritualism is universal brotherhood and charity, is not enough, and yet, when a philosophical disquisition is entered into, then the speaker is to be ignored by being asked, how are the unlearned to understand the deep mysteries of its scientific detail. This denial of the Spiritual theory strikes me as somewhat most extraordinary, when I consider how many learned men of the English writers, men who have been esteemed as good christians, have touched upon such things in their writings.

I was lately reading Sir Humphrey Davis' consolations of travels, and there met with the narrative of a vision which he makes an imaginary person see, but who is pretty generally understood to be himself, and which, it seems to me, is equal to, and might almost have served as the model for Mr. Davis' visions of the inhabitants of the planetary spheres. Mr. Davis does not plagiarise, so we must suppose him original. Sir Humphrey Davis' works not being generally read amongst you, I will transcribe the vision. It is interesting, if only to show that philosophers unconnected with the Spiritualists, have indulged in some sort even as the Spirits divulge to us.

The person seeing the vision, visits the colosseum of Rome with some friends, and is left by them. (I do not transcribe in vision, but give the substance, as it is somewhat lengthy.)

"I had scarcely concluded this sentence, when my reverie became deeper, the ruins surrounding me appeared to vanish from my sight, the light of the moon became more intense, and the orb itself appeared to expand in a flood of glory," harmonious sounds then filled my ear sweeter than the most perfect concert. "It appeared that I had entered into a new state of existence," the music suddenly ceased, but the light continued, and a low sweet voice addressed me, after upbraiding me for assuming knowledge, it said: "I am an intelligence somewhat superior to you, though there are millions who exceed me in power and knowledge," and then proceeds to teach, directing that the mind should be wholly yielded to the influence to be exerted upon it; "and you shall be undecieved in your views of the history of the world and the system you inhabit." The voice then ceases, the light disappears, and the seer appears to be rapidly carried upon a stream of air; a dim hazy light breaks on his view, and he sees a country covered with forests, and marshes, and wild animals grazing in large savannas, carnivorous and beasts disturbing and destroying them. Naked savages were feeding on wild fruits, devouring shell fish, or fighting for the remains of a whale cast on the shore. Their shelter was caves and palm trees. The voice then said, see the birth of time. The scene then shifts, a scene of pastoral life is then disclosed.—The genius characterizes them as men escaped from the state of infancy. The scene again is shifted, an early state of civilization is then shown when the implements are made only of brass. The scene again shifts, and an advanced stage of civilization is shown, where the implements are of iron, and "thought is made permanent in written characters." The scenes shift, until the various stages of civilization are gone through, and a long comment is given upon the history of civilization, and of those men who had been benefactors to the race or a nation. After the progress of man is traced, the genius says, "now you will say, is *mind generated, is Spiritual power generated*, or are these results dependent upon organizations of matter, upon new perfection given to machinery, upon which thought and motion depend?" Neither of these opinions are true; listen whilst I reveal to you the mysteries of Spiritual natures. Spiritual natures are eternal and invisible, but their modes of being are as infinitely varied as the forms of matter. They have no relation to space, and in their transitions, no dependence upon time, so that they can pass from one part of the universe to another by laws entirely independent of their motion. The quantity or number of Spiritual essences, like those of the material world, are always the same, but their arrangements like those which they are destined to guide, are infinitely diversified, they are parts more or less inferior of the infinite mind, and in the planetary systems, are in a state of probation continually aiming at, and generally rising to a higher state of existence. The genius then goes on to speak of the great luminaries of the earth, and says, were it permitted, he would show the fates of individual existences. The genius then shows a glimpse of those states, which the highest intellectual beings that have belonged to earth, enjoy after death in their transition to new and more exalted natures.

"I rose gently as if I were a part of the ascending column of light." He then sees Jupiter and Saturn as they appear through good glasses, but more magnified. The voice of the genius then said, "you are now on the verge of the solar system." He is then carried to the verge of the atmosphere of Saturn. "I saw below me a surface infinitely diversified, like that of an immense glacier covered with large columnar masses, which appeared as if formed of glass, and from which were suspended rounded forms of various sizes which were transparent. From that which appeared analogous to masses of bright blue ice streams of the richest rose color or purple, burst and flowed into basins forming lakes or seas of the same color. In the atmosphere, were brilliant opaque clouds of azure, which reflected the light of the sun, which had an entirely new aspect, and appeared smaller. On the surface below, immense masses, the forms

of the philosophy the Spiritualists would desire to propagate might be understood by the learned, what were the unlearned to do? How would the fishermen of Galilee have understood it? To say that Spiritualism is universal brotherhood and charity, is not enough, and yet, when a philosophical disquisition is entered into, then the speaker is to be ignored by being asked, how are the unlearned to understand the deep mysteries of its scientific detail. This denial of the Spiritual theory strikes me as somewhat most extraordinary, when I consider how many learned men of the English writers, men who have been esteemed as good christians, have touched upon such things in their writings.

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"I had scarcely concluded this sentence, when my reverie became deeper, the ruins surrounding me appeared to vanish from my sight, the light of the moon became more intense, and the orb itself appeared to expand in a flood of glory," harmonious sounds then filled my ear sweeter than the most perfect concert. "It appeared that I had entered into a new state of existence," the music suddenly ceased, but the light continued, and a low sweet voice addressed me, after upbraiding me for assuming knowledge, it said: "I am an intelligence somewhat superior to you, though there are millions who exceed me in power and knowledge," and then proceeds to teach, directing that the mind should be wholly yielded to the influence to be exerted upon it; "and you shall be undecieved in your views of the history of the world and the system you inhabit." The voice then ceases, the light disappears, and the seer appears to be rapidly carried upon a stream of air; a dim hazy light breaks on his view, and he sees a country covered with forests, and marshes, and wild animals grazing in large savannas, carnivorous and beasts disturbing and destroying them. Naked savages were feeding on wild fruits, devouring shell fish, or fighting for the remains of a whale cast on the shore. Their shelter was caves and palm trees. The voice then said, see the birth of time. The scene then shifts, a scene of pastoral life is then disclosed.—The genius characterizes them as men escaped from the state of infancy. The scene again is shifted, an early state of civilization is then shown when the implements are made only of brass. The scene again shifts, and an advanced stage of civilization is shown, where the implements are of iron, and "thought is made permanent in written characters." The scenes shift, until the various stages of civilization are gone through, and a long comment is given upon the history of civilization, and of those men who had been benefactors to the race or a nation. After the progress of man is traced, the genius says, "now you will say, is *mind generated, is Spiritual power generated*, or are these results dependent upon organizations of matter, upon new perfection given to machinery, upon which thought and motion depend?" Neither of these opinions are true; listen whilst I reveal to you the mysteries of Spiritual natures. Spiritual natures are eternal and invisible

of which I am unable to describe. They had systems of locomotion similar to that of the murre, and moved from place to place by six extremely thin membranes which they used as wings. Their colors were varied and beautiful, principally azure and rose color. Tubes more analogous to the trunk of an elephant than to any thing else I can imagine, occupied what I supposed to be the upper parts of the body, which sight I viewed with a species of disgust and with a species of terror. I observed one of them apparently flying towards the opaque clouds before described. I know what your feelings are, said the genius, you want analogies and all the elements of knowledge to comprehend the scene before you. "But these beings, which you appear almost as imperfect as the zoophytes of the sea, have a sphere of sensibility and intellectual enjoyment superior to the inhabitants of the earth. Each of the tubes is an organ of peculiar motion or sensation. They have modes of perception, of which you are ignorant, and their sphere of vision is more extended than yours.—You could never understand their organization, but of their intellectual pursuits I can give you some notion. They as men have employed the material world, but with superior powers have gained superior results. They, because of their denser atmosphere and the specific gravity of their planet being less than yours, "their minds are in unceasing activity, and this activity is a perpetual source of enjoyment." Your views of the solar system is bounded by Uranus, but their beings catch a sight of planets belonging to another system, and reason on the phenomena presented by other suns." As I cannot describe the organs of those beings, so I cannot show you their modes of life. They have no wars, and the objects of their ambition are entirely those of intellectual greatness, and the only passions they feel by which a comparison with each other can be instituted, are those dependent upon love of glory of the purest kind. The columnar masses you see, are works of art, and the processes are going on in them connected with the formation and perfection of their food.—The brilliant colored fluids are also "connected with their system of nourishment." Those opaque clouds are works of art, and places on which they move through different regions of their atmosphere, and command the temperature and quantity of light most fitted for their philosophical researches, or most convenient for the purposes of light. Their sea is inhabited by an intellectual race of beings inferior to those inhabiting the atmosphere, but yet possessed of an extensive range of sensations, and endowed with extraordinary power and intelligence. I could transport you to the different planets, and show you in each, peculiar intellectual beings bearing analogies to each other, but all different in power and essence with one "character peculiar to all intelligent natures, a sense of receiving impressions from light by various organs of vision." The Spiritual natures which pass from system to system in progression towards power and knowledge preserve this one invariable character. The genius then describes the comets as being inhabited, whose beings are such "as in one of your systems of religious faith have been attributed to seraphs, and "communicate by powers which would convert your material frame to ashes."—"You ask me if they have any knowledge of their transitions."—"It is the law of divine wisdom, no Spirit carries with it into their new state and being, any habit or mental qualities, except those which may be connected with their new wants or enjoyments." There is one sentiment or passion, which the inward or Spiritual essence carries with it into all its stages of being, and which is continually exalted, the love of knowledge or intellectual power, which is in fact, in its ultimate or most perfect developments, the love of infinite wisdom, and unbounded power, or the love of God." The future destinies depend on the manner in which it (in inferior states of existence,) has been exercised and exalted. "When misapplied, the being is degraded, it sinks in the scale of existence, and still belongs to earth or an inferior system, until its errors are corrected by painful discipline."—"When properly exercised, then it rises to a higher planetary world." The genius then says, he cannot show the beings of the system to which he belongs, that of the sun, and that because of his brightness, he can only be present as a voice.—"We are likewise in progression, but we see and know something of the plans of infinite wisdom; we feel the personal presence of that supreme deity which you only imagine; to you belongs faith, to us knowledge, and our greatest delight results from the conviction, that we are lights kindled by his light, and that we belong to his substance. To obey, to love, to wonder, and adore from our relations to infinite intelligence. We feel his laws are those of eternal justice, and that they govern all things from the most glorious intellectual natures belonging to the sun, and to the fixed stars to the meanest spark of life, animating an atom crawling in the dust of your earth. We know all things begin from, and end in his everlasting essence, the cause of causes, the power of powers." The voice ceases, and the seer awakes.

My letter has drawn out to some length, and shall, therefore, for this time, conclude with all kindness to all friends.

I am yours in brotherhood, S. B.

CLEAR SEEING.

Dr. Ennemoser, in treating of second sight—which by the way, is quite as well known in Germany, and especially in Denmark, as in the Highlands of Scotland—says, that as in natural somnambulism there is a partial internal vigilance, so does the seer fall, while awake, into a dream-state. He suddenly becomes motionless and stiff; his eyes are open, and his senses are, while the vision lasts, unperceptive of all external objects; the vision may be communicated by the touch, and sometimes persons at a distance from each other, but connected by blood or sympathy, have the vision simultaneously. He remarks, also, that, as we have seen in the above case of Mr. C., any attempt to frustrate the fulfillment of the vision never succeeds, inasmuch as the attempt appears to be taken into the account.

The seeing in glass and in crystals is equally inexplicable, as is the magical seeing of the Egyptians. Every then and now we hear it said that this last is discovered to be an imposition, because some traveler has either actually fallen into the hands of an impostor—and there are impostors in all trades—or because the phenomena was imperfectly exhibited; a circumstance which, as in the exhibitions of clairvoyants and somnambulists, where all the conditions are not under command, or even recognized, must necessarily happen.

We see by the forty-fourth chapter of Genesis that it was by his cup that Joseph prophesied: "Is indeed he divined?" But as Dr. Passavant observes, and we shall presently see, in the anecdote of the boy and the gipsy, the virtue does not lie in the glass nor in the water, but in the seer himself, who may possess a more or less developed faculty. The external objects and ceremonies being only the means of concentrating the attention and intensifying the power.—*Mrs. Croce.*

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1855.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR THE EDUCATION AND EMANCIPATION OF THE CLERGY?

In asking this question, there is a seeming concession that the "Clergy" are to continue in the land of the living, having "a local habitation and a name," a concession not popular with the reformatory family, since the issues and sympathies of the age seem to be in the opposite direction. This question, however, has been with us for years, and occasionally, it is made more significant by the discussion of some secular issue, which places the relations and duties of the ecclesiastic side by side with those of the man of the world. When such take place, it is made plain, even to the intelligence of the "way-faring man," that the spheres of the two are not friendly, nor do their relationships tend to harmony. This can be understood when we remember that

"The love of fame, however concealed by art
Grows more or less, and reigns in every heart,"

since aspiration in some sphere is natural to all Spirits, and ambition not unfrequently the controlling motive of a life time. This, however, explains why some men dislike so many of the relations of society, rather than accounts for the necessity of such disagreement, since nothing is more natural in an isolated, selfish, and antagonistic state, than for men and women to seek for the blessings of life and the pleasures of society, without scrupulously taxing themselves for an equivalent, or being over-conscientious in the methods or agents they use to obtain them. And this, for the most part, has been so generally true of the relations of life, that the number is small in society even at this date, who believe in, and work for that *oneness of interest* which underlies the *good* of all Spiritual and temporal.

Naturally enough, therefore, the antagonism continues, and the issues come forth from new and varying stand-points, as the expansion of the mind makes the possessor conscious of new wants, stronger desires, and more imperative necessities. The age we live in is not only aspirational, but greedy in its ambition for all kinds of distinctions; education in some form or other among the rest, so that in addition to the humble attainments of the church aspirant of "long ago," "the minister of the Gospel" in the nineteenth century needs the largest culture in science and philosophy, as well as in morals and religion.

The prominent and pressing issue with the Clergy at present, therefore, is on the score of defective education—bad methods of teaching, and a want of adaptation to the necessities of the age.

The following, from the *London Times*, suggests all this, and no doubt expresses the views of the most intelligent and advanced minds in Europe. The writer says:—

"The tone of almost all preaching is too abstract and too scholastic; it deals too much with general ideas and principles, and descends too little to those details in which the minds of the audience are wrapped up. The preacher speaks in a language not understood of the people—a language made up of scraps of Scripture, of scraps from our old divines, and technical terms of controversy, making altogether a species of theological slang, which is full of bad taste and bad English."

Let this be considered the testimony of one religious or antagonistic to the sphere of the ecclesiastic, we quote the following remark of Hugh Miller's, as his testimony will not be exceptionable with minds who may be acquainted with his labors for and his vindications of orthodox theology. He says:—

"The Clergy, as a class, suffer themselves to linger far in the rear of an intelligent and accomplished laity, a full age behind the requirements of the time. Let them not shut their eyes to the danger which is obviously coming! The battle of the evidences (of Christianity) will have as certainly to be fought on the fields of physical science, as it was contested in the last age on that of the metaphysics. And on this new arena, the combatants will have to employ new weapons, which it will be the privilege of the challenger to choose. The old, opposed to these, would prove of little avail."

No testimony could be more explicit, no charge more direct than this, and therefore we ask what is to be done for the education and emancipation of the Clergy?

We ask it, because it is nearly time the issue was made with the right parties, and that society should know that the education of the Clergy is not so far defective as many of the declaimers of the age would have us believe.

Nor can the responsibility for antagonistic issues made on science and general improvement, be laid on the ecclesiastical altar, until it is proved that all ignorance, selfishness, and dogmatism springs from the Clergy, and the Clergy only. To our certain knowledge, church members are often much more at fault than the Minister, for it often happens that the latter, in addition to the necessary knowledge, possesses the disposition to use it for the education of the people and the best good of the race.

Many such have been and are in the service of the churches of this country; and many have left the ministry because they found an ignorant and dogmatic laity, alike incapable of and indisposed to know aught beyond "the Gospel," whatever that may chance to mean in the opinions of such persons.

It is true, nevertheless, that many allow themselves to be bought for the bread they eat and the position they hold, forgetful alike of the dignity of manhood and the responsibilities of their office, which requires that they should "declare the whole counsel of God."

For this and the many evils complained of, there is, however, but one remedy, and that is, *freedom* and education for the minister. We place freedom first, because without it little can be accomplished, since fear and cowardice are closely associated and too often go hand in hand.

It is hardly necessary to elaborate this statement, for the mere mention or suspicion of mental bondage is enough to bring all such associations into discredited and contempt with every liberal and enlightened mind, and such in fact is the real and prominent reason with the majority of Spiritualists for leaving all church and sectarian associations.

But, overlooking for the moment the pain and evil that springs from the misalliance of an intelligent and liberal minister, with a dogmatic and ignorant congregation, the *absurdity* of the latter dictating and explaining the meaning and mission of the Gospel to the former, is so extravagant and ridiculous, that it is a wonder that its very absurdity has not been its own corrective.

In offering these remarks, we are neither the advocate for church organizations, nor the apologist for ministerial delinquencies—for we have neither fellowship nor sympathy for the defects of the one, nor the come shorts of the other; but we are advocating right and common justice, when we insist that the minister should not be made the scape-

goat for the sins of the congregation, nor their sacrifice accepted by those who, in the ordinary relations of life, as well as in theology, do not believe in the efficacy of "vicarious atonement."

We insist, therefore, on *distributive justice* in all the relations of life, for the recognition of that divine law can only bring conviction to the popular church-goer, that the minister should not be sacrificed on the altar of his ignorance, be his wealth and standing ever so respectable.

And when the Church member learns that his association is one for devotional and educational purposes, rather than for *property* representation, he may incline to the opinion, that an educated mind and a "conscience void of offence," are better qualifiers of the religious instructor than a belief in and show of respect for formulaic creeds, that are as dead as the hand that first penned the *thirty-nine articles*.

To this end, let all Spiritualists make consistent and discriminating distinctions, when they make issue with the church, everywhere, respecting the *honest* and *independent* preacher, though his gifts may be less numerous, and his genius less brilliant than the more gifted and popular advocates of our conventional and dogmatic theology. If this freedom and practical use of *conscience* is recognized in the preacher, it will not be long before the "Clergy," will emancipate their members from the sin of ignorance, and possess an education adapted to the needs and necessities of the age.

METHOD.

As we are in the habit of using this word frequently, it may be well to offer a few words of explanation. The world we live in is purely phenomenal to the inexperienced and uncultivated mind, until, by observation, discrimination is made between what is *real* and what is *apparent* in this phenomenal exhibition of men and things. Observation collects the facts and gathers the details of their history; while reflection analyzes their nature, compares their characteristics and classifies them according to their family resemblances. *Method*, therefore, is only another word for *order*, and both suggest the *exact* manner in which any manifestation of Nature comes to pass. The methodist of Nature, therefore, will have a *commencement*, *middle* and *end* to all his narratives of fact, manifestations of mind, or Spiritual developments, since, without such, his reports will be lacking in the *one* essential most likely to make them of present interest and lasting value and clearness.

A writer in the *Frankfort Herald* makes use of the following language, in estimating the benefits of method:—

"All things in and about us are a chaos without a method; and so long as the mind is entirely passive, so long as there is an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images, as such, without any attempt to classify and arrange them, so long the chaos must continue. There may be transition, but there can never be progress; there may be sensation, but there cannot be thought; for the total absence of method renders things impracticable; as we think that partial defects of method proportionally render thinking a trouble and a fatigue."

Spiritualism needs the severe application of method, that the real may be separated from the apparent facts, since there is a possibility of mistaking, in some cases, the manifestations of Mesmerism and Psychology for the veritable facts of Spirit-intercourse and ministration. This being the case, the man of science will insist strongly for test facts and analysis, until the limitations of Mesmerism, Psychology, and Clairvoyance are known.

And this is due alike to science and religion, as every well attested fact in the former only tends to enhance a rational appreciation of the latter, as all such facts enlarge the sphere of knowledge, and brings the mind into immediate rapport with the order and economy of God's government.

To popularize and make Spiritualism a lasting power, therefore, it must harmonize with the other manifestations of nature, and speak to the scientific mind the language of Order, while exciting a sense of the marvelous and speaking to the affections.

To illustrate this, we extract from the review department of "Putnam's Monthly," the following, which is the concluding portion of a notice of President Mahan's work on Spiritualism.

He says:—

"To explain Spiritualism by Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, the Odic force, etc., is to illustrate one dark subject by another quite as dark. Still, we think all these different manifestations throw light upon each other, and will, by and by, when the matter is taken up by a really scientific, and not a metaphysical mind, lead to a philosophical solution. The truth is, that at present there is too great a want of well authenticated facts to warrant a safe generalization. The Spiritualists themselves are too credulous and excited, and too much taken up with their foregone hypotheses to be good reporters of facts, and the scientific man properly ignores the subject, just as they did or do Phrenology, Mesmerism, etc."

THE WORLD OF SLEEP.

It is every day becoming more and more evident, that the somnambule's world is as *real* and *active* as the one we are commonly said to live in, and facts warrant the assumption. The gentleman referred to in the annexed item, we know and have heard him read philosophical and critical articles, which he avers can be accounted for only by supposing the articles to have been written while in the somnambulist state. The following from the *Spiritual Telegraph* is a general statement of his case.

SOMNAMBULISM EXTRAORDINARY.—A gentleman well known in this city as of undoubted honesty and veracity, but whose name we are not at liberty to mention, has been in the habit, during the past year or eighteen months, of frequently going into an unconscious somnambulist state during his nightly slumbers, and writing on various philosophical and scientific subjects, and in a style, and with a mastery of his theme, altogether superior to that which characterizes his ordinary lucubrations. The documents thus mysteriously and unconsciously written, appear in his room after waking, or are brought to him, and placed in his hands or his pockets, in unaccountable ways. They are in his ordinary handwriting, and uniformly purport to be written by his *soul* during a temporary disconnection from the body, and while the latter, as alleged in the documents, is lying and snoring in a state of profound slumber. The most ingenious theories respecting the soul and its connection with outer and material existences, and respecting the general matters of science and philosophy, are given in these writings.

The following illustrates that variety of taste and appetite is characteristic of dream-land, and should suggest the necessary caution to all parties who may chance to have a somnambule in their families:—

ACCIDENT FROM SOMNAMBULISM.—A few nights since a lady residing in Washington street met with a serious accident while in a state of somnambulism. She had no knowledge that she ever rose from her bed while asleep, nor did any person in

the house know that she was a somnambulist, though they had frequently heard voices in the night-time for which they could not account. On the night in question she took her child, about a year and a half old, out of bed, descended the stairs and went out to the safe for something to eat. The table had already been set for breakfast the next morning, and she put the food upon it, after which she treated herself and child to a hearty meal. Without removing any of the dishes, she returned to her bed-room, laid the child down, and again started down stairs.

As she descended, she came in contact with a swinging window sash, which awoke her, and without knowing where she was, stepped forward, and fell headlong to the foot of the stairs. One of her arms was broken by the fall, and she received a severe contusion on the frontal bone, which however, fortunately, did not prove of a serious character. The noise created by the fall awoke some of the family, who immediately got up, supposing that the house had been entered by robbers, when the unfortunate lady was found on the floor, in a state of insensibility. She soon recovered, but could not tell how she came in that condition. Medical aid was called, and the wounds attended to, the fracture proving only the small bone of the forearm. She subsequently remembered and recited what she called a dream, in which she thought she had taken the child and gone to dinner. On several occasions previously, the food put away at night was found to be much less, and the domestic of the family was suspected of the theft, though the lady always took charge of the keys. It was fortunate she did not fall the first time she went down, or the child would in all probability have been killed.—*Balt. American.*

SPIRITUALISM RECOMMENDED AS A WORK OF INVESTIGATION.

That branch of the Quaker family, known as the Friends of Human Progress, or the Progressive Friends, held their yearly meeting at Salem, Ohio, in September, from the 22d to the 25th, at which, among other Reformatory subjects, Spiritualism was recommended by the "Committee" as "important," and worthy of investigation.

This notice of the claims of Spiritualism to an honest and candid investigation, is worthy of imitation by all conventions and associations, ecclesiastical and otherwise, who profess to take an interest in the right direction and Christian regeneration of the race—for Spiritualism is too powerful an agent to be long neglected with safety by those who wish to economize and concentrate all social and Spiritual forces to that end.

All church associations in particular should be candid and magnanimous in their recognition of the phenomena of Spiritualism, since all *silence* and *indifference*, to or *ignorance* of this subject, can only awaken the suspicion of *moral* and *Spiritual* cowardice. In fact, this is getting to be the general conviction in that portion of society, not immediately connected with, or deeply interested in, the policies of the Church—for the majority of men have a homely kind of logic, which has long since convinced them that the CHRISTIAN, above all others, should be the most independent in his investigations of truth, since it is emphatically true of such an one, that "perfect love casteth out fear." Many considerations might be urged to sustain this idea, but it is hardly necessary that we say more, than that Christianity enforces the obligation on all its members of seeking for the truth, as well as *living* it, since we are commanded to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

SPIRITUALISM REVIEWED.

The *Girard Republican* of September 28th, gives the second part (in substance) of a series of lectures delivered by Rev. Thomas Graham, in Girard, Erie County, Penn., August, 1855, in reply to Joel Tiffany, Esq., on the subject of Spiritualism, and we hope to receive the other parts, as we make it a point to read all that is urged against the claims of the Spirits. Our desire to read Mr. Graham's argument, however, does not spring from the profundity of the portion before us, but from the following considerations.

1st. We wish to know what can be said against Spiritualism, that we may be the better able to judge, if the defect is incidental to the unfolding rather than constitutional to the character of Spiritualism.

2d. This is the more desirable, since it is a "minister of the Gospel," who is laboring to destroy confidence in the manifestations, for we wish to know not only the *weapons* of his warfare, but the method of his attack, as it may come to pass "in the course of human events," that we may have something to say on these issues.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

THROUGH E. E. GIBSON.

The soul of man consists of three parts. The essential and elemental, the fruitifying or the reproducing, or the *continuing* or *forever* past. These united principles are a whole, and combine in themselves the attributes of God. Man is an animal *souled*. He lives in an interior habitation.—He does not, like the animal, draw his sustenance from the external, but is conscious of a double existence. When he wills, he is sensible of the God power within which causes him to will. He is not a machine worked by another, but is conscious of being the possessor of certain powers and desires which from within himself constitute him an individual. He loves and hates from an instinctive movement of those elemental compounds in his own being, and yet, these emotions are common to all other men. He does not hate or love because he has observed those manifested qualities in another, but because they are inherent within himself, and because when those passions are excited, a corresponding emotion is produced. If a man is an individual being set aside from all others, then might he suppose himself invested with those attributes which another does not possess. But it is not so. When like circumstances occur, individuals possessed with the same organizations, or nearly the same, will be moved the same way, or nearly the same. No two persons are precisely the same, consequently no two under the same issues, will manifest the same feeling or be moved to the same extent, yet matter and mind in their elementals are the same. Mind is the retention of the former, therefore to deal with that in the present is expedient. The soul breathes itself into existence through the same processes that matter eliminates itself, viz: by the application of its elementals to a form taken upon itself in consequence of its necessity to its taking a form by its inherent power or desire to become a form. When that form is gained, it retains it, although its fruitification is still going on, producing changes in appearance and in the form of that form. Its reproduction into another form does not destroy its original form, thus, bodies transmit themselves to their offspring, but this transmission does not destroy their form, but increases in number that form. The soul in its eliminations is va-

ried, and unlike the form of the human body, does not seek to produce itself in another as a part of itself, but as a living representation of itself. The body is the soul's habitation, and invites it to remain in it as long as it can conveniently do so without rendering itself unnecessarily uncomfortable and unhappy. The soul flees from the body when the body can be no longer retained, and seeks in some more congenial clime a habitation better adapted to its wants. It lives within those walls till they crumble and fall, then it seeks a home within itself, a resting place where its form will become its habitation and its home. Its home now has changed, instead of a bodily form, it has a Spiritual form, and is retained in that form by the action of the Spirit, to reproduce itself in higher and more beautiful forms, instead of as in the bodily, seeking to perpetuate its kind in another form, through the process of reproduction. Thus, in the Spiritual, the Spirit is attempting to beautify itself into a higher form of its own individuality, while in the bodily, it is seeking to perpetuate itself in the multiplication of its own numbers, in forms like unto its own. Thus, form of Spirit, or Spirit form becomes indivisible, and is to itself a continuation ever in the beautiful progressions of higher lives and happier eternities.

[Special Correspondence of the Christian Spiritualist.]

PASSING GLANCES.

NO. VIII.

ONE OF THE "DREAMS OF RAMO DJAVA."

Recently, in reading "Lavengro," by Geo. Barrow, I chanced on an incident of most absorbing interest. It was the account of the midnight horror, or the evil chance, as Lavengro calls it—a certain state that occasionally he was subject to, wherein he felt all the accumulated horrors of a partridge's conscience, or as Pylades felt when tortured by the furies invoked, and set to their dreadful task by the troubled ghost of his murdered mother. And yet Lavengro had never committed any crime to merit these mysterious castigations. I, also, have frequently felt an unaccountable terror, and yet without any apparent cause. It is but a short time since I had one of these strange visitations, during which the intellect was as clear and the judgment keen and strong as ever in my life. Many others have experienced the same emotion. There are moments in a man's life when he seems to feel the weight of an eternity upon him; when the Spirit turns with agony from all outer things, and experiences the very essence of terror and fear. If it dare venture upon the confines of its deeper and inner nature, it is forced to turn with multiplied anguish therefrom, and the same, turn to whatever department it may in the fond but delusive hope of finding assuagement of its great misery. Aye! there are days in which a man lives years of suffering, whose origin he knows not; there are hours, nay, moments, into which whole decades of centuries seem to be compressed. This is strange! Why is it so? Whence issues this soul-depressing influence—this walk in the valley of unrest? Dr. Orton, the distinguished author and poet, has finely expressed this strange feeling of the soul in the lines I quote, merely transferring the scene from external nature to the soul within:

"Night is on the mountain,
Darkness in the valley,
Only stars can guide thee now
In the doubtful rill."

Aye, and truly so it is! Only the faintest glimmering of the star of Hope buoys up the Spirit and prevents it from sinking into utter despair. * * *

Reader, Rama Djava is a Dreamer. He dreams sweet dreams! such as are never forgotten! But they are of the soul—that is, Rama Djava tells to his own soul in certain states. And the soul talks back. So one night Rama Djava, which is Hindoo, and in our tongue signifies TRUTH SEEKER OF THE MORNING RAY, had a dream and gave it unto me, as he always will hereafter—those of the past and to come; and as a dream only, a true dream, a philosophic dream, I give it unto thee—reader. And Rama slept and saw his soul, and said thereto, "O soul, why art thou so sad and terror-stricken at times; and what brings the dark and evil hour upon thee, O my soul?" And then the soul answered and said: "This is thy hundred and tenth dream, and there are one hundred and ninety yet to come, and then the great Triangle of thy life on Coorabi (earth) will be complete, therefore, O Rama, I will answer thy demand. Listen! There is one mighty God, who is only God because he is mind. All thou seest is part of God, as I explained in thy fifty-fourth dream, when I told thee how God was matter, and matter yet not God, which revelation for a time sorely perplexed thee and thy insect brethren of the Coorabi, whose locks are gray, whose tongues are smooth, whose brains are hot, and who are known as Philo-sophists. Philo, lover of sophism, error—homespun theories who are lovers of false learning and strangers to truth. O child of the seeking soul! Now, lo! I, soul, am of Deity—the ALL in ALL—a portion of the GREAT ALPHA. As such, O Rama, I ever was and ever will be; therefore without me nothing is!! For mind is all there is of man! And God is ALL there is of mind! On the coorabi, thou takest one candle to light at another one that burneth; dost thou not, O child of the growing soul? Well, the light is just as light as it was before; the burning candle goeth not out; and yet thou hast another flame from thence! So it is with God; so with man. The former is an everburning light. The light is mind, and the Coorabi prepareth the candles to be lit; and the candles are the bodies of men, O Rama; and each one burns just like that greater one whence its light was gotten! And on the Coorabi, some candles are made of that which men call *specum*, others of the gum of honey; others still of that unctuous substance which cometh from the ox. Also these give light even in accordance with the material of which they are compounded. And lo! O child of the dim light! the children of the coorabi, even their light goeth but a little way. Lo! do they not hold up their candles at the sun, and try to outshine the god of day, those same Philo-sophists, O Rama of the dream dreams? And lo! there are many honey gum, O sunny babe, and these are made of the yea, even the wicks, are very small and fine, for they must be fine to give out a pure flame, and the light thereof is good to behold—it illuminates the dark abodes of men; yet the travi (mediums) soon go out on coorabi, O thou feeble rushlight! it is according to the material of the candle and the wick thereof that the candle giveth light. But there is much tallow mixed and mingled with a very little wax in thy travi and thy wise ones, O thou weakest of all luminaries! * * *

Now lo! God thinketh! So doth man on coorabi! And no thought perisheth either of one or the other. God thinketh of new worlds, and behold they are forthwith rolling in the Arch of Paradise; so also man thinketh, and his thoughts take from and straightway mingle, like drops of dew, into and with the ocean of the worlds! And this ocean

surrounds coorabi, and all the stars and islands in that great sea. The good thoughts float, like bubbles on a brook, upon the surface of this ocean, whose waves are called Human Experience; and it floweth ever onward toward the Past. And motion dwelleth in this sea, and sad memories, bitter regrets, griefs, and crime and suffering, constitute the undercurrent of this sea. And all these are like rough diamonds, and this motion polisheth them, so that the glad bubbles of truth ascend to the surface, and dance upon the ocean's bosom as fast as they are evolved beneath the surface, by the great trinity, and then they burst, and their sweet perfume filleth the air, and is inhaled by the nostrils of their children upon coorabi; it assimilateth with their being, doth the essence of truth, and lo! the men and maidens, yea, all humanity, smilith with joy it feels, but whose source it divineth not. It cometh and it goeth, and coorabi is better, even though but one weary care-laden soul inhaled the holy ecstatic draught. Dost thou understand, O son of the twilight hour? Again! Earthquakes, storms, monsoons, sirrocoos, and fierce tornadoes, sometimes shake the realms of changeable substance, even as the Yeric drama (Spiritual doctrines) now shake the medijid (prejudice) thrones of coorabi! But are not all things better therefore? Do not new climates, trees, birds, flowers, fruits, hopes, joys, pleasures, take the place of the old, O thou offspring of the dawning day? * * *

Lo! again: The sea sometimes giveth up dark waters and dead bodies, from whence issue noxious stenches! So also the great ocean, like this of coorabi, hath its *mirages*; and those souls which dwell on top of the mountains sometimes feel the spray dash upon them from the surging seas of passing eternities. It is because these souls, in sleep, dream inner sleep, get upon the pinnacles of Time, that these billows of saddening horrors dash upon and almost overwhelm them! But lo! do they not from that awful height see the glad stars of the coming time just tingling the hills of Coorabi with streaks of golden light? And do they not hear the voice crying down the mountains, "Come up my children, come up higher?" * * *

And this was the dream, the 110th dream of Rama Djava. Reader, shall he dream again for thee? P. B. RANDOLPH.

SPIRITUAL FACTS IN THE LIVES OF RELIGIOUS REFORMERS.

A late number of the *Paritan Recorder* contained a lengthy and a somewhat argumentative article, intended to set forth the difference between the real and spurious evidences for Spiritualism; course, manifesting a marked preference for such facts as occur in the lives of religious men. We think the reviewer manifests much more of the partisan than either Science or Religion required, for it is good news to know that even one of the *Paritan* family has so far progressed, as to recognize the ministration of Angels.

Doubtless, the majority of our readers will be obliged to him for selecting the following facts. He says:—

"Among the first instruments of the Reformation in Scotland, was George Wishart, distinguished for learning, wisdom and piety—who was wont to spend his days in teaching and a great part of his nights in prayer. He had been, by the wicked plots of Cardinal Beaton, brought to the stake.—From the midst of the flames he answered one who exhorted him to constancy—"The flames indeed embrace my body, but do not conquer my soul, but" (turning his eyes to the Cardinal, who was a window not distant was enjoying the spectacle, "that same man who now looks upon us with disdain, shall within a few days appear again at that window, with as much of infamy as he now has of wanton cruelty." And so indeed it was! For he was soon assassinated by a conspiracy, and suspended as a public spectacle from the same window. Of this fact Burnett says, that the pious regarded Wishart as endowed with an extraordinary measure of the divine Spirit, and thought that he was honored with a Spirit of prophecy; because his life was so holy and exemplary, and also the event verified the prediction, he was esteemed as not less a prophet than a saint."

"Another case was that of Patrick Simson, a man distinguished for learning and piety. His life was suddenly smitten with an alarming disease, assailed with horrible temptations. He went alone into his garden, and for several hours gave himself to earnest prayer. While thus engaged, discoveries were made to him almost exceeding belief. He affirmed, that he had been addressed an audible voice by a messenger from Heaven, who told what event would be, all of which was minutely fulfilled."

Another instance was that of Hugh Kennedy, private Christian of great excellence of character. Late one night he knocked at the door of a friend and called upon him to rise from his bed, and join with him in prayer. For, said he, my son and other friends who are abroad, are in extremity at this moment. After spending some time in prayer, he rose with a countenance flushed with joy, and said—Now they are safe! Afterward was discovered, that at just that hour, those who had experienced a remarkable deliverance from danger."

"The famous dream of Zwingle is generally recorded. In his work on the Eucharist, he relates as follows:—"When the subject of wholly abiding the Mass at Zurich was in debate, the controversy was conducted between me and the Secretary. I defended the Romish idea; that the words—'This is my body,' import that the bread is the reality of Christ. And I adduced many instances of Scripture, where the word *is* is put for *signifies*. He replied, that these are all taken from poets and hence are not in point, because these were simple tropes, as I held that used in setting forth supper to be. I replied, that the instance—'The seed is the word,' was not in a parable, but in an explication of a parable. And this answer cured the decree for abolishing the mass. I could not repress my own endeavor, to give some instance, which had no connection with the parable. I began, therefore, to think of all that revolved then in my mind; but for three days I labored without effect. And I speak the truth, that which is so true, that though to escape the reproach and sneers of men, I would gladly conceal it, yet my conscience compels me to disclose what God has imparted. When the 13th of April had come, while asleep, and in a dream, seemed to myself to be contending with all night, with the Secretary, and so non-plussed, that I knew not what further to say, and my tongue refused utterance. And my perplexity, as I was now in dreams, caused me great agitation. When suddenly a prompter appeared, (whether black or white, I cannot say, for it was a dream,) and said, 'You fool, why not answer him, as in Exodus 17: "This lamb is the Lord's passover.'" At this instant I awoke, leaped from my bed, and seized the Secretary, read and considered the passage, and went forth and expounded it before the whole assembly."

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8

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Cases are of constant occurrence, in the business of life, where previous knowledge of character would not only save much

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In order to obtain a declaration of character of any one, nothing is required than to present a specimen of their handwriting, (it may be a letter, note or any other document.) This will be enclosed in a blank envelope, taking care that there be no other writing on it. The envelope must be sealed, and carefully sealed up, put into an outer envelope, and directed TO CHASE, corner of Greene and Seventeenth-street, New York City. The fee is \$2.00. Generally, or at least the blood's Despatch; in the latter case, a fee of \$2 is expected to expedite. Persons residing in the country, at any distance, may send by mail, post-paid, conforming to the directions now given.

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BY E. R. PLACE.

INVITATION.

Come, sister, to our bright abode,
To these Elysian fields,
Here all that meets the wandering eye,
Undying fragrance yields.
Come, sister, to our Spirit home,
We wait to give thee joy;
Come share with us the bliss,
Which make the day's employ.
O linger not—why should the soul
Cling to the earth's vain sphere?
Haste to begin, in paths of light,
The new-born soul's career.
O sister, come! above thee waits
A triple land, and true—
Mary—and Martha—and, between,
Thine own sweet Clara vindicate!

DEPARTURE.

Farewell, O earth! soon death's cold hand
Our union-bond shall sever;
I have a home thy sky beyond—
There I shall live forever.
In that new home Faith's eye beholds
Fields, slopes, and valleys fair;
And ever, as the scene unfolds,
Arise more splendours rare.
Like thee, O earth, as is the day
Like tapers transient gleaming;
For there the Fancy's warmest play
Hath substance in its being.
Thy scenes, O earth, but shadows are,
Of things divine and real;
A picture by Truth's artist star—
Daguerre's post-ideal.

On earth begins the soul's long life—
Eternity is here;
Through death we pass from this low strife,
To a more genial sphere.
Ye earthly friends, whose loving hearts
Did o'er our pain a spell;
My body sinks—my soul departs—
Ye faithful friends, farewell!
A while farewell!—death, like the night,
Shuts out each traveller's post;
But lo, the resurrection host
Reveals the banished host!
I go, I go—and yet, I stay—
Say not that I am dead;
My soul hath found its mortal clay,
But not afar hath fled.
I'm near you still—aye, nearer, dearer
Than when I walked with you;
Here the soul's eye is stronger, clearer,
And the true heart is true.

THE WELCOME.

Welcome, welcome, sister dear;
Welcome to this better sphere;
Here, among these groves and bowers
Charm a while the wanderer's hours,
Then to regions far away
Where the eternal sunbeams play,
Where the soul's unfolded grace
Beautifies each form and face.
And each time and shade of thought
Swiftly on its front is wrought,
And in nice exchange of beauty,
But's love, and love is duty;
To that region high and fair,
Mount me the ethereal air;
Not to roam in idle pleasure,
But to win the golden treasure
Of the knowledge that inspires,
Of broad love's refining fires—
Then to earth returned once more,
With thy freight of love and lore,
Of the wealth that never is thine,
Give to those who grove and pine,
Thus to bless thyself and neighbor;
Welcome, sister, to thy labor!
My dearest mother! here am I,
The little Spirit which a while
Illumed thy path below the sky,
And then departed with my duty.
I knew not then my mother's face,
But in this brighter world have grown
Into the statue and the grace
Which art on canvas and the loom
O, happy moment, when my guide
Did kindly take me to thy side,
And first I saw with joy that knew,
My mother's face, and I was true.
O trial-proved—O suffering-crowned!
I had thee with a daughter's gladness;
Arisen from the earth's cold ground,
Thou'lt wear no more the veil of sadness!

CHOICES OF MANY SPIRITS.

Pilgrim from a lower sphere
Friendly Spirits greet thee here,
Through the earth's continuous night,
Through the midway and the height,
Through the lowering cloud of fears,
By thy many groans and tears,
Sanctified, refined, and blest,
Enter, pilgrim, to thy rest,
To a rest of sweet employ—
To a work of boundless joy!

CLAIRVOYANCE VERSUS JUGGLERY.

FACTS FROM ABROAD.

[The following interesting narrative of a trial of the reality of Clairvoyance by the prince of modern jugglers, Robert Houdin, of Paris, is from a document presented to the French Academy of Moral and Political Science, by Prof. J. E. De Mirville. It has been translated and furnished for the New England Spiritualist by a friend of the editor, and is of the style of the narrative, are characteristically French, but perhaps none the less valuable in a scientific view of that account.—Ed. N. E. Sp.]

Permit us to recount to you, gentlemen, as a simple introduction to my subject, an experiment, not very serious in appearance, and yet which, by sound judges, has been pronounced sufficiently conclusive. We present it in all the simplicity of its original wording, and without other pretension than that it may serve as a step towards a higher series of facts of a much more marvelous character.

You all know Robert Houdin, and you will not deny to this king of conjurers the sceptre of address, nor, consequently, the highest ability to judge of deception in others.

One day, then, this ability of his occurred to us in connection with the question under consideration. For a long time perfectly convinced by personal experience, we were tired of hearing our strong minds of the saloon and our weak minds of the Institute reject the evidence, and cut short all our assertions by these apparently unanswerable words:

"Robert Houdin does as much; he plays the same games at cards; he divines what you have in your pocket; he does more—twenty times in an evening, and a hundred times if necessary, give him as many visiting cards, and immediately, without ever hesitating (which cannot be said of your clairvoyants), his son, placed at the other extremity of the hall, will repeat to your name, however odd it may be, and your address, however lengthy. He has even surpassed all that, for, more than once, he has been known to read a name enclosed in a thick, sealed envelope, to penetrate with his sight to the bottom of the most securely closed box, to describe a distant person by a lock of hair, etc. What more could you ask, and what else do you show us?"

In fact, what response can be made to such arguments, of which the weakness is sooner felt than demonstrated? Nothing is more true—Robert Houdin does all that, and, indeed, he does it with a dexterity, a never-failing skill, which leaves far behind him the most lucid clairvoyants. It is also true that this constant success on the one hand, and this frequent inaccuracy on the other, ought alone to lead us to presume the opposite character of the agents. But at Paris, one can proceed more quickly, and demand: Why two explanations, when one alone is sufficient?

It will be perceived that to put an end to this perpetual false argument, there was no way but to apply to Robert Houdin himself.

No sooner thought than done, and here we are in his saloon, *tele-tele* with him.

Now, scrupulously stenographic, we proceed to report all that passes from this moment. The signature of the expert guarantees the truthfulness of the recital:

"Monsieur Robert Houdin, I admire your second sight; but will you tell me if you have ever seen any clairvoyants?"
"I have seen two only."
"What did you think of them?"
"Their feats were so badly, so pitifully performed, that forthwith I might have taught them their business."

"So, according to you, the clairvoyant is a *coufiteur*, and often a very inept one."

"But what then, supposing he is? After all, I repeat, I never have seen but those two miserable specimens. I can only add that, in a journey through Belgium to Brussels, Liege and Aix-la-Chapelle, I followed constantly M. Laurent and Mademoiselle Prudence, two of your most celebrated magnetists; and I can affirm to you, that the day after their seances, I invariably dissipated their triumphs. Then, to my great regret, (for it is always unpleasant to me to excite the least prejudice against any person,) the stupor of wonder that they had caused, changed suddenly to sarcasm, to abuse, and even to gross opprobrium—fruits of a complete incredulity. However, for the sake of truth, I should add, that, a few days after, with a courage that I may term heroic, they returned to the charge, and were successful in the same cities in regaining esteem, and in conquering anew that which they had just lost through me. I have often reflected on this fact, without being able to explain it to myself."

"Would you like an explanation of it; and would you be curious to see a *genuine* phenomenon of this nature?"

"I have long desired it."
"Will you consent, then, to accompany me for a short time?"

"Though I am at present very much occupied, nothing could give me greater pleasure."

"Very well; I do not ask if, in case you should be seriously convinced, you will have the fairness to confess it, and even to publish your convictions; I do not ask if, for I read already in your eyes, all the frankness of your answer."

"Be assured, sir, in such a case you will be satisfied with me."

"Then it will be fine to prove to the wise ones, of whom we were speaking just now, that the love of truth has taken refuge under your galleries. But do not forget to bring some *strictly orthodox* cards, (not your own) a book, some hair, &c.,—finally, any thing that you may think best to aid in settling your convictions."

"Do not fear; I understand it well. Might Madame Houdin accompany us?"

"Why not?"
"Very well; at one o'clock I will return for you."

We were there at noon; and when we entered our carriage, R. Houdin heard us, for the first time, designate No. 42 Rue de la Victoire. We emphasize the words, "*for the first time*," because magnetizers are not wanting in Paris, and nothing hinders their choice in advance upon one more than another, it was impossible that one should guess our design and get the start of us.
On the way, the future neophyte exhorted all the sources of his dialectics to prove to us that which he regarded as demonstrated by himself—that is to say, that all these matters in question were but tricks more or less finished, and of a repertory better furnished than any other. He entered, even on this subject, into certain details, into certain secrets of the profession, which to us were very amusing to gather; he proceeded even to disclose a few of the mysteries, not of his "second sight," but of the "second sight" of his confederates; and when he perceived that we admitted no comparison whatever with our clairvoyance, he stopped astonished, fixed his eyes upon us, and his scrutinizing gaze evinced a suspicion that he was too polite to express more plainly.

"But at least you will concede," said he, "that charlatanism may and does mingle with it very often."

"I do not deny it; but I would have you observe that, from the moment when the magnetizer possesses a lucid clairvoyant, to wish to add to this lucidity by the lights of collusion, would be to lose all that very instant. Certain of juggling away my watch or my ring unconsciously to myself, what would you say to the maladroit who would propose, for greater surety, to aid your powers with a big string?"

"Ah! all these magnetizers are so shrewd!"
"I could easily prove to you the contrary."

"Bah! Those who have the most cunning know best how to hide it."

We arrive, but are left awhile in a waiting saloon—the oracle being engaged at this moment with several persons. One of these, M. Prosper, comes out presently, all impressed with just having had described to him his country residence, situated at the other extremity of France, and even a series of paintings which ornament his sleeping apartment. They had done more. After having described all the appointments, the stables, and even to the dog-kennel, M. Prosper had asked:

"Can you tell me the name of the vigorous animal that sleeps in this kennel?"

"He is called—wait a moment—he is called Es—Esterl, and it is the name of the guide who procured him for you."

Here we find ourselves on familiar ground. Who does not know Esterl, the most able and active of all the guides of the Pyrenees? It has often happened to us to pass several hours in succession in this same saloon (Marcellet's) entertained with observing the stupefaction graven on the physiognomies so different from their expression at the moment of arrival. It was easy to perceive that pointed revelations had been made, to move them to such a degree. But we forget that all the persons that come there from morning to night may be so many *initiated confederates*—or—

Let us return to the experience of our artist.

Here he is in the presence of Alexis; the latter, in his natural state, manifests those irritable traits, the expression, the nervous appearance, peculiar to sensitives, and which alone should suffice to convince a medical man. Then gradually his countenance becomes composed, assumes a new flush, a slight convulsion agitates once more his nervous system, and he is in a state of trance.

Robert Houdin, who understands the matter, demands the privilege of bandaging the eyes of Alexis. After having examined attentively the padding and the three enormous silk handkerchiefs that are presented to him, he covers with the first the whole face of his subject; but when over these wads of cotton that envelop him like the most precious of statues, and which from the top of the forehead quite to the mouth leave not a place of the size of a needle's point, he has crossed two handkerchiefs, he refuses to apply a third, and does not demand, as certain doctors have done, an entire

mask. And why, if it be not that Houdin was a judge of such matters, and that the prince of jugglers cared not to waste his time in such trifles?

Those two suspicious eyes once more well stuffed with wadding, and recovered with the bandages—stopped from the air in fact—Houdin draws from his pocket two packs of cards, bound still in the envelope and seal of the manufacturer, opens them, shuffles them, and invites Alexis to cut. This is done in a manner, of which the peculiarity escapes us, but which excites a light smile on the part of his wise observer. It is evident Houdin has noticed something—he imagines he recognizes his own game; and any one but myself would have trembled for the success of the experiment. Nevertheless, he places five cards before his adversary, who is careful not to touch them, and dealing five for himself, is about to take them from the table, when Alexis arrests him, saying—

"It is of no use, I take every trick," and he names the cards which, without having been turned, still lie face down upon the table.

"Let us begin again," said Houdin, coldly, completely stunned, however, as if he had been struck with a club.

"Willingly."
Ten new cards have replaced the first, and this time no more smiles.

"I discard," said Houdin.
"But why do you keep these two cards—one a lone trump at that?"

"Never mind; give me three."
"There they are."
"What are they?" says Houdin, covering them with his hands.

"Queen of diamonds, queen of clubs, and eight of clubs."
"Quick, a third game."

The same exactitude, the same infallibility. R. Houdin fixes his eyes on Alexis with a searching wonder, his countenance changes color a little, soon he grows pale, a sort of nervous movement is apparent in his features, then with all the passionate exaltation of an artist who has just found his master: "What is it?" he exclaims; "where are we? It is magnificent!" Then, as it sometimes happens in the hall of debate, after a splendid speech, there is a silence for some time, the *seance* forcibly suspended.

"It is resumed: Houdin, after having thrown off the useless bandages from the clairvoyant, takes from his pocket a book of his own, and requests him to read from the eighth page beyond the place where it is opened, at a height indicated. Alexis pricks with a pin along two-thirds of the page, and reads—"After this sad ceremony—"

"That is enough," says Houdin; "let us look!"
Nothing of the kind is found on the eighth page; but on the page following, at the same height, it reads—"After this sad ceremony—"

"Enough!" says Houdin; "how wonderful! Could you tell who wrote me this letter?"

Alexis feels it, places it on the top of his head, on his breast, and designates with sufficient correctness the writer. But he commits some slight errors; for example, he thinks him a bookseller, because he sees him surrounded with books—errors in detail, in a word, which to a candid mind should not weigh in the least against the principal facts. For to judge is nothing else but to gauge, in other words, to weigh, to measure, to compare that which is to be received and to be rejected, and the balance once made, to decide. Houdin did not allow himself to be stopped by these errors of detail;—returning to the letter:

"From whence did it come?"
"From —"

"Ah," says Houdin, "I did not think of the postmark; but as you see the house, could you tell me in what street it is?"

"Wait; give me a pencil,"—and five minutes' reflection, he writes rapidly, "*Rue d'A—, No. —*"

"It is too wonderful," says Houdin; "I no longer know where I am; I cannot ask any thing more. However, yet one word. What is the person who wrote it doing now?"

"What is he doing? Take care! Be on your guard; he deceives you at this very moment—"

"Oh, as for that, the error is complete; for he is one of my best and firmest friends."

"Take care!" repeated Alexis, and this time in the tone of an oracle, "*he deceives you shamefully*."

"Nonsense!" responds Houdin.
(Concluded next week.)

* It is necessary to add, that several weeks subsequently, we changed to call upon Robert Houdin, with one of our friends, M. Lacordaire, director of the establishment of the Gobelins; his first words were these:
"You remember, sir, the famous letter of my friend— and how decidedly I disputed the assertions of Alexis?"
"Yes; well."
"Sir, the crafty knave cheated me out of ten thousand francs at the very moment of the *seance*, even. So you see the words of the clairvoyant turned out to be all true."

From the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.

LOVE.

BY CORA WILKINS.

Far abler pens than mine have attempted to describe thee, to define thy meaning, word of holy import! angel messenger! Poets and minstrels, the gifted of all climes and ages, have "bent the knee and bowed the heart" in thy praise. Kings and warriors, the greatest minds, the humblest recluse, patriots and chiefs, statesmen, and dwellers of courts and palaces, the humble tenants of the village cots, queens and peasants, all have bent beneath thy sway, thy irresistible influence, thy whispered hopes, and thy bright imaginings. And does not each era of the past record some deed of glorious achievement, some fact of noble daring, of inspired enthusiasm, or still nobler self-renunciation, by thee inspired, and fulfilled in thy name?

Watchword of angels, as thou art the beacon-light of earth! first and highest attribute of God! it needs but thy inspiration to teach us our immortal nature, our future destiny.

Human skeptic—thou that smilest scornfully at the visions, as thou deemest them, of the hopeful believer in a future unending life, and demandst proofs for the belief in a hereafter—admit the angel guest, the love-crowned seraph, to thy bosom and thy doubts shall cease. Love, and thou shalt feel elevated above all disturbing influences; thy heart shall wake to the poetry and beauty of life, and heaven and earth, and sea and air, become regions of before unknown and unfeigned loveliness. Love, and thou wilt acknowledge that there are higher and better influences than the mere empty pleasures thou once didst consider the aim of life. Thou wilt learn that ambition is vain, its baubles lacking the true gem's lustre; fame an empty sound, wealth a burden, and affliction the only true solace to the wandering earth pilgrim.

Love is the key that opens to thee unthought of regions of the beautiful; that brings to the tried and weary soul anticipations of a higher life, kindling within the breast the noblest aspiration, the loftiest enthusiasm, the holiest, most unselfish prayer!

Love inspires forgiveness and gentleness, softens every feeling, gives strength to every holy resolution, places faith and hope within the heart, and endows with true eloquence its earnest pleadings.

Charity and pity are its attending angels, and their gentle whisperings teach endurance in the path of self-perfection, destroying with angel touch the icy barriers of selfishness, the walls of pride, the battlements of prejudice. Strength heaven-born, a fortitude that is of heaven, attends the favored Spirit whose bosom shields the heavenly visitant; and though that Spirit may have been weak and trembling, it is rendered strong in faith, and fearless by the mighty power of love. With brow unmoved and heart untrembling it meets the storms, the many vicissitudes of earthly life, bearing toil and privation, poverty and sorrow, nay, bereavement itself, with submission holy and almost perfect—for its hope is not of earth, and its aspirations are immortal. The influence of perfect, and holy love, founded on virtue and principle—the bowing of the heart and adoration of the soul to what is pure, and good, and true, and ever abiding—must tend to elevate, to raise the soul aloft, to Him who is the Author and Divine Principle of all love—having given to us, His sadly tried earth children, this His highest attribute, this direct emanation of Himself, to gladden, cheer and console; for the heart that loves purely, unselfishly, devotedly, is nigh unto God!

And we cherish other gifts so fondly! Alas! too often lavish the showers of our affections, our thoughts, upon undeserving objects; our most fervent desires for transitory things, unworthy our heart's affections, and neglect the noblest gift of heaven, and rob our daily (life?) of light and beauty; by refusing admittance to the angel wanderer—or, if we admit, not yielding our entire heart to that holy and benign influence, but ungraciously bestowing some unsheltered nook, where the heavenly guest is placed in ill-assorted companionship with worldliness and deceit, or with doubt and ambition. Yet even there can love dwell, for the divine overcomes the earthly, and good strives not in vain with evil.
Say not that love has ever caused wrong and discord, or sin, or misery. Sorrow it may have caused; grief and tears may have followed its footsteps; but the breast that harbored it, became all the purer and better for the passing trial. Love, true and holy love, can only bring ultimate peace, and heaven's own blessings—peace amid the discord of life, blessings amid its many sorrows—for it is a gift from heaven, and, like our souls, immortal.

PHRENOLOGY AND PREACHING.

An article appears in the New York Independent, commenting upon an assertion in the Catholic Herald, that "the practical knowledge of the human soul," which Henry Ward Beecher believes is to be derived from Phrenology, is not equal to that received from the Confessional. The Herald's argument is as follows:—

"No, just where Phrenology fails, the *confessional* succeeds. No bumps are studied, and no characteristic is guessed at. The penitent says plainly and distinctly, 'thus and thus I thought, and thus and thus I did. So I acted, and so I failed to act.'"

If he says, "I took that wrongfully which was another's," it is not necessary that the confessor should know that there is a bump of acretiveness. If he says, "I have been violent and struck my associate," what is the need of knowing that he has a development of the organ of the combativeness? If he is sinful in thought and not in act, the teacher is better manifested by confession than by physical development, and in all these cases the teacher in the confessional is close to him and ready to give the advice, administer the communion or discipline, or offer consolation and encouragement that the whole circumstances of the case demand.

Mr. Beecher asks the *head* of his hearers that he may deal with the concerns of their souls, while a Catholic priest says, "My son, give me thy heart."

The Examiner, a Baptist paper of New York, adds:—
It may be allowed a third party to suggest, that both methods have some defect. The phrenological inference is not infallible; the "penitent" may not tell the full and exact truth. What then?

Henry Ward Beecher, in noticing the Herald's statement, says that "Phrenology includes within its circle the nature, conditions, and habits of the human mind, as far as they are known." That its study "will be serviceable principally in exaggerated and imperfect heads, and doubtful and difficult in proportion as the mind is generally and evenly developed."

We do not say, that to a Phrenologist the human soul becomes clear as crystal; that he can walk about and read men like large printed placards. No such thing! There is great skill required, much experience, careful observation, and even then there will be many mistakes made, and much found that will baffle the most penetrating. All that can be said properly is, that Practical Phrenology adds very largely to our stock of knowledge, that it simplifies many things which in other systems are obscure, that it very materially helps us, even when it does not give us the whole, and especially, that it gives us the *right direction* of research, and the *right method*, so that whatever we do read is more likely to be sober truth than the results of the spider systems of philosophy, in which each philosopher spun his theory in some corner, from the web-bag of his own personal consciousness, and left his starved disciples to hang upon it like flies upon cobwebs.

The gist of the succeeding remarks is, that although all the deductions arrived at from Phrenology cannot be depended upon, yet something may be learned, and "there is a great difference between knowing nothing and knowing something."

Our Roman Catholic friend must be simple, indeed, if he thinks that the Confessional is the grand means of knowledge, and that the few overt actions may be found out there. But what does it reveal of the inward states, the multitude of fancies, the swarm of thoughts that spring and spread themselves in an instant the world over, like the rosy flushes of sunset rays, spread through half a hemisphere in a moment, and in a moment retracted and vanished; of all those dark passions that lurk but never appear; of those moods of mind that have no language, that never form themselves into ideas, and that yet do fever the whole being and change the complexion of thought and purpose.—*Sat. Eve. Post.*

MISSION OF AMERICA.—We cannot look on the freedom of this country, in connection with its growth, without presentiments that, here, the laws and institutions exist of some scale of proportion to the majesty of nature. To men legislating for the vast area between the two oceans, betwixt the snows and the tropics, somewhat of the gravity and grandeur of nature will infuse itself into the code. A heterogeneous population crowding on all ships from all corners of the world to the great gates of North America, viz: Boston, New York and New Orleans, and thence proceeding upward to the prairie and the mountains, and quickly contributing their private thought to the public opinion, their toll to the treasury, and their vote to the election, it cannot be doubted that the legislation of this country shall become catholic and cosmopolitan—that of any other. It seems so for America to inspire and express the most expansive and humane spirit;—the laborer, free, healthful, strong, the land of the laborer, of the democrat, of the philanthropist, of the believer, of the saint, she should speak for the human race.—America is the country of the future. From Washington, its capital city, proverbially "the city of magnificent distances," through all its cities, States and territories, it is a country of beginnings, of projects of vast designs and expectations. It has no past; all has an onward and prospective look. And herein it is fitted to receive more readily every generous feature which the wisdom or the fortune of man has yet to impress.—*R. W. Emerson.*

From the Age of Progress.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION BY SPIRIT WRITING.

It is now a pretty generally conceded fact, among candid investigators of the Spiritual phenomena, that Spirits write messages to their friends on earth, without any further help from mortal hands, than to furnish them with paper and pencils, or to place them where they can get them.

One evening, some two or three weeks since, we went, by invitation, with some friends from New York, to attend a circle at the house of Mr. Levi Short, in this city. The principal medium in attendance was Mrs. Gay, of whom our readers have already heard, through our columns. We took with us a number of sheets of paper, such as few besides printers ever use. It was larger than foolscap size, of very fine texture, and without ruled lines. When the light was removed, a rustling was heard among the sheets of paper; and, on the light being brought in, it was discovered that a number of sheets had been taken away. No one having left the room or table, it was evident, to us, that the Spirits had taken them away; for they had been in the habit of doing so.

At a circle held at the house of the medium, Mrs. Gay, on Monday evening last, one of those abstracted sheets was returned, with the subjoined communication written on it. It will be seen that the communicating Spirit gives his name, the name of his still surviving widow; the name of the State, county and town where she lives and where he died, and communicates the manner of his death, which, he says, was unknown to any of his surviving friends. We comply with the Spirit's request to publish his communication, and shall send the paper as directed. If the account turn out not to be true, it will only prove that the communicating Spirit is like too many who have not yet left the flesh, more inclined to be communicative than to be veracious. No member of the circle ever knew anything about the place the Spirit describes as his residence when in the flesh; nor was either of them acquainted with any person of the name subscribed. The following is the communication:—

"My home in life was among the mountains in old Vermont. I was a farmer in the county of Rutland. I had been one day to gather blueberries on Sugar Hill; on my return I was attacked by a large wolf; I fought as long as I could; I retained my consciousness until my limbs were one by one torn from my body; at this time there were two wolves at work at me. After my Spirit left the body, there were four fighting over the remains; a few weeks after, blood was found on the ground—so they thought I had been murdered; my poor distracted wife thought I had deserted her; we had a few unpleasant words the day I left; she is living yet, but very ill. I wish you to publish this, for I have friends that would like to know my fate. Publish it and send a paper to Caroline Darling, Wallingford, Rutland Co, Vermont."

"PETER DARLING."

At the same time and place, another of the missing sheets was returned, with the following communication addressed to Mr. Levi Short, who is a member of the circle:

"The fact that your present life is your only state of probation, should give vigor to effort and solemnity of duty. Death often steals unawares, upon his victim, leaving no time for sigh or prayer. His office is to surrender the Spirit from the clay; not to reform it or prepare it for heaven. He takes the soul as he finds it. It is life which seals the soul's credentials for the bliss or misery of the Spirit life. You are accustomed to anticipate the ministry of death with fear. I say to you, fear life; for according to the character of that life, will death be to you either the king of terrors or the herald of unspeakable joy. Death hath no dread but what frail life imparts."

ROBERT FLETCHER.

EXCUSE FOR MATRIMONY.

There is, says the Rev. Charles Kingsley in Blackwood, some excuse to be made for girls who enter into matrimony purely from interested motives. Many of the poor things know perfectly well that, unless they marry and effect a settlement for life, they may be left in utter indigence; for papa is terribly extravagant, drowned in debt, and unable to face his bills at Christmas. Others are not happy under the paternal roof, from which they would be glad to escape on almost any condition. Others are weak in volition, or have been so educated in the article of duty that they dare not express repugnance to any proposals which may have found favor in the eyes of their mamma. Yet every one of these may have her secret attachment. Always in the background there appears a vision of that slim and curly youth who danced the polka so delightfully, and whose attentions at the picnic were so gratifying. But then, Clara is painfully aware that the annual income of unhappy Julius is short of one hundred pounds, and that he has no prospect of making any more. If indeed it were five hundred pounds! But the age of fairies is gone; and Julius is a man without expectations, and what is worse, without an ordinary average of brains. So poor Clara, with a heavy sigh, takes farewell of her day-dreams; and in due course of time appears, covered with lace, at the hymeneal altar, to give her troth to a coarse, elderly savage, with sandy whiskers, who has cleared an enormous fortune by a successful speculation in cotton. As for men who marry solely for money, we cannot find terms strong enough in which to express our contempt. They at all events have no excuse to proffer for an act of base hypocrisy and degrading selfishness. If fortune by inheritance has been denied them, they can exert their brains; if brains are wanting they have hands, and can earn their daily bread. The sense of independence is among the first of manly virtues, and the being who hatters it for gold, is shortly and emphatically a scoundrel.

A NEW PHASE OF INSANITY.—When any act is committed now-a-days, says the Hartford Times, which seems to demand a public apology, the plea set up as an excuse is generally insanity. It is but recently, that the friends of those who have gone over to the Church of Rome, have presented this excuse in behalf of their seceding brethren. We believe the first instance was when Bishop Ives of North Carolina, "went over;" and he was charitably considered "insane." In the late case of George H. Doane, the Churchman, and other kindred papers, have mourned over his insanity. The Catholics are naturally indignant, and not only deny the insanity, but think that Mr. Doane has shown himself to be an uncommonly sensible man. The Freeman's Journal says that "he is the first fruits of an abortive harvest from the second generation of Puritan Episcopalianism." Bishop Bayley, of Newark, who is himself a highly cultivated and well educated American—a graduate of Trinity College, and a seceder from Episcopacy—received Mr. Doane into his church, after seven weeks consideration. He probably did not consider him particularly insane; and whatever the friends of the Episcopal church may think of the departure of their clergymen to the Church of Rome, the plea of insanity is a very poor excuse to set up therefor; unless they wish to subject themselves to such criticism—severe but wholly unjust—as this, from the Freeman's Journal, which says: "what is very curious, also, is, that, after their conversion, all these crazy people become so sane as Catholics. The Catholic Church seems to be an *Asylum for the cure of crazy Episcopals*."

COUNSELS TO CHILDREN.

BY HORACE MANN.

You were made to be clean and neat in your person and your dress, and gentlemanly and lady-like in your manners. If you have not been bitten by a mad dog, don't be afraid of fresh water. There is enough water in the world to keep every body clean; but there is a great deal of it never finds its right place. In regard to this article, there is no danger of being selfish. Take as much as you need. The people of the West boast of their rivers—I would rather they would boast of water large tub-full of their water every day.

Contract no such filthy and offensive habits, chewing and smoking tobacco. So long as a man chews or smokes, though a very Chesterfield, every thing else that pertains to his appearance, never can be quite a gentleman. And let me repeat it, you were made to be neat. While cotton cloth can be had for a few cents a yard, there is no excuse for not having a pocket-handkerchief.

You were made to be kind, and generous, and merciful. If there is a boy in the school who you saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a